

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.—

VOL. I.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1805.

No. 43.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Quid munus respublica, magnus aut melius afferre possumus, quam, si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

Mr. Easy,

THE examination of the students of St. Mary's College under the conduct of the Catholic Clergy, which had lasted a week, ended on Monday. I was not present, but I am informed they did honor to themselves and teachers, in Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and English; Algebra, Mathematics, Composition, Rhetoric, and all the various branches of education, which are taught in this Seminary of learning.

On the succeeding evening, I had great pleasure in witnessing the Annual Exhibition. From the satisfaction which was experienced at the last, public expectation was much excited; nearly six hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled, and were received in a large hall fitted up for the occasion with a stage, and benches, ranged amphitheatrically. The Exhibition was opened about four o'clock, by the President, who informed the company, that there were specimens of drawing, for their inspection in an adjoining room. Here the walls were hung round with productions of the Collegians, which drew forth the strongest expressions of approbation. In both these arts the President has been fortunate in procuring adepts for instructing. Mr. Forster's pre-eminent penmanship is too well known to need an eulogium; and to discriminate the productions of Mr. Schwartz's pencil is to extend a high estimation of his talents. Though it be the highest, yet, I think it a just encomium on the pupils of Mr. F. to say that some of them have strong pretensions to emulate his own superiority; and from the pieces of drawing that were exhibited, we have the pleasing reflection, that at some future period, we may vie with the nations of Europe—How much are the gentlemen of the College entitled to the thanks of their fellow citizens, for their attention to these accomplishments,

when it is considered, they have hitherto been regarded as unworthy associates of the learned languages and the liberal arts.

After this treat, Masters Trigants, Diggs, and M'Henry, spoke an appropriate dialogue, in which was demonstrated, the superiority of a Collegiate over a domestic education, concluding with a general outline of this institution and the reasons of its peculiar regulations. The dialogue was an elegant composition, chaste, easy, and spirited: each argument seemed to grow out of the subject, and every answer out of the argument, reasons followed cavils, and confusion succeeded railery. So admirably were the different parts sustained, that it had all the nature of three skilful disputants advancing their sincere sentiments, and so judiciously were the characters balanced, that while every objection was urged all appeared impressed with the truth of the author's real opinion. The effect was happy. Delight enlivened every visage. Attention was enchained, the souls of the audience seemed to mix in the ceremony, and every pulse to beat in unison. The elegant author, in this offspring of his pen, has given the most decisive proof, of his critical knowledge in this difficult species of writing.

The young orators did all justice to the merit of the composition.—It is related of a famous personage that hearing a bungler read a piece of his composition, he indignantly snatched it from him. How different must have been the sensations of the author of this dialogue! From the masterly manner in which it was delivered I have no doubt, beauties were suggested to him, which, from reading it himself, he did not perceive. When we go to an exhibition, we expect little more than to see a boy, "sawing the air with his hand" repeat by rote a Roman speech, "To be or not to be," or something else, which after the first word or two, has no other title to please, than that it will soon be over. But who can suppress his delight, when he hears a youth of fourteen speak for an hour, with all the correctness of memory, manly

confidence, distinct enunciation, just emphasis, and easy grace, of mature age and long practice! When the dialogue was concluded, Master Wilson, whose infantine talents had particularly attracted the attention of the Professors, spoke with much spirit, the soliloquy of Cato.

The President having invited the Mayor of the city to invest the crowns, proceeded to read the names of those to whom they had been awarded. The first in their class, were crowned, and presented with some appropriate "premium;" the "accesserunt" were distinguished with a Chaplet only. When the laurels of literature were dispensed, the distinctions of amiable behaviour, and diligent study were conferred. That the ceremony from its length might not be monotonous and tiresome, the mind, at intervals, was agreeably diverted, with interludes of music, by the Collegians and some gentlemen of the city.

These rites being over, the company were much delighted with a ballet by the students, in which they proved, that proficiency in the grave and more important branches of education, can be conciliated with excellence in the elegant accomplishment of dancing. The crowned heads were then conducted to another apartment, where they were regaled with an elegant supper spread for them alone.

It can never be too often remarked, how much the public are indebted to the amiable gentlemen by whom this institution is conducted. MR. WILLIAM DU BOURG is the President and Founder, a gentleman of great learning and talents, who having devoted his life to the acquisition of the most valuable treasure, now wishes to bequeath it, "a rich legacy" to posterity.

In the republics of Greece the education of youth was a matter of public cognizance, and considered the most sacred trust. None could aspire to those enviable functions, but such as had been honoured with the most signal distinctions, and whose morals had been refined in the crucible of probation—and Greece was the sun, that illuminated the world of barbarism. How lamentable is the fact that in the republic of America, this most important of trusts is thought to be of trivial consequence, and of course has sunk beneath its own intrinsic majesty. We, either do not reflect, that the youth of the present day, are at some future period to hold the destinies of their country, or, that young minds cannot be moulded by the plastic hand of education. But I hope this just ground of complaint, will be in some measure, removed by as liberal and generous a patronage of this institution as its undertaking is laudable and noble. It appears to me, to be conducted upon principles which cannot fail to produce the most sanguine success. The Professors are not content, to go the

beaten road, and effect every thing by unwearied diligence and rigid discipline alone, but, like the skilful mechanic, who resorts to art to supply strength, they analyze the mind, and touch the secret cords which give impulse to every faculty. The best mode of calling into exertion the mental powers of youth, have oftener been the topic of the philosopher's speculations, than the subject of the professor's practice. But in this institution they admit the progress of the philosophy of the human mind. And they have proved, contrary to the opinion of Dr. Johnson and others, that the intellectual endowments may be more efficiently roused, and the duties of boys much better enforced, by a well directed emulation, than by the pedagogue's ratan or the irrevocable decrees of a task master. Distinctions of the meritorious, have an effect which those who do not reflect on the operations of the human mind cannot appreciate. What but the love of fame, fanned the immortal genius of a Cicero, or a Burke, a Newton, a Bacon, or a Johnson? what gave nerve to every exertion, and fired their souls,—but the ravishing idea of embalming their names in the memory of time? and why should we deny the same passions to youth? Their little hearts too, can dilate with joy at their own praise, and flutter at the idea of a crown. These distinctions, do not, as has been supposed, create a hateful rivalry. Every boy to whom none had been awarded, seemed to confess the justice of his Mediators, and, while he appeared willing to acknowledge the superiority of his competitors resolved to excel them at the next examination.

The Exhibition continued about three hours, and during the whole time, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, attention was as active and ardent as in the beginning. Indeed, the company seemed to unbend, and to enter into all the feelings of the little candidates for honors, and such an air of dignity and importance was given to the whole scene, that while all heartily applauded, they seemed to envy the admiration they bestowed.

This, Mr. Easy, is a very imperfect sketch of a scene with which all who were present are in raptures.

NOSTRAS.

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Mr Easy,

"Mankind," Æsop observes; "carry two wallets, one before and the other behind them; the first contains the faults of their neighbours, the latter their own." Thus they usually pry into the secrets of others, and nicely inspect their misbehaviour, while to their own they scarcely attend. The knowledge of the irregularities of their neighbours will not suffice them, but they must be blazoned

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to the whole world. This is commonly denoted *Slander*.

That this propensity to wickedness should chiefly reside in the breast of females, may be easily accounted for;—being, by their education, taught nothing except the trivial accomplishments of dancing, music &c.—being introduced into fashionable company so early in life and consequently inflated with pride and vanity by those petty animals called Bucks—and lastly because slander is the diagnostic of envy. Listen to the remarks made by different persons, when a young lady makes her first appearance; what part of her dress or what feature of her face is not severely criticised by some snivelling prude or superannuated Old Maid? such remarks dictated by envy, are soon circulated round the room and reach the ear of the object. She feels disconcerted; but a long acquaintance with the world enables her soon to recover herself, and then she retaliates in the same language, and thus she becomes initiated in the mysteries of slander. Who can wonder then, if they are besieged by fools, (who assist them in that precious art) and condemned to hear their loquacity! I think every person will exclaim with the satirist *Persius*

—Nemo, Hercle, nemo.

None, by Hercules, none.

Perhaps, Mr. Easy, some ladies after reading these strictures on the sex, may pronounce me an Old Bachelor, who has been exiled from their society and now seeks a revenge by cavilling against his oppressors. To the first clause, I will readily answer, I am young, and to the latter, that, far be such motives from me! my end is not to debase them in the esteem of the world—but to *lower themselves in their own opinion*—not to degrade them in the eyes of their admirers—but to cause them to shine in *unborrowed plumage*. Your condescension in publishing my former essay, gratified me so far as to induce me to address you a second time; and your continued approbation may encourage me to future exertion.

GEORGE GRAVITY.

We invite some sprightly Beatrice to break a lance with this saucy Benedict. We most decidedly disapprove of his *strictures*, and we certainly should not publish them, did we not hope they would incite some gallant pen in defence of injured and inoffending innocence. For ourselves, we will not omit any opportunity of testifying the high sense we entertain of the value which women give to society. It is they who give a polish to manners and restrain the fierce impetuosity of man—To them we owe all our comfort in affliction, for it is they who illumine the careworn brow with smiles. With regard to the charge of slander here preferred against them, let them be arraigned, and let them *plead by retaliation* before a court whose

judges are Truth and Candour, and whose jury is guided by the courtesy of the cavalier, and they will be honourably acquitted.

Our respect, our admiration and our affection for many ladies whom we have seen in the course of a very slight intercourse with the society of Baltimore, prompt us to add a caution to such men as our correspondent. We have heard it observed by one who was an accurate observer of human life and human manners, that he always thought ill of the heart of him who shunned the society of ladies and indulged himself in sarcasms on their dispositions, which could have no foundation in a good and well-disposed heart. We do not apply this to the present writer; but we bid him beware that others do not. Let him endeavour to reform *his opinions* and he will assuredly exalt himself in the eyes of the virtuous and the discerning. Let him do this, and

Beauty's willing votary bow,

Nor blush allegiance to avow.

When angry clouds life's sun o'er-cast,

Preluding rude misfortune's blast;

When doubts perplex and cares annoy,

And bar each avenue of joy;

When the pale victim of disease,

Which baffled art cannot appease,

Torn by affliction's sharpest thong,

Till hope has ceas'd her syren song,

Beholds pale horror's spect' red form

Rise moaning in the midnight storm:

The fairer sex possess the power

To tranquilize the torturing hour,

And bid mild sympathy impart

A cordial to the bursting heart.

To cheer with smiles the vale of woe

Is not the only power they know;

But oft it is their sweet employ

To light with love the lamp of joy.

'Tis theirs in pleasure's brightest noon,

The fibres of the heart to tune

To tones of rapture, which might even

Prelude the harmony of heaven.

#### ON ANCIENT TIMES.

There always appears to me something solemn and impressive in the view of an ancient building; and the effects which venerable and neglected decays of art are wont to produce upon a mind addicted to melancholy, and absorbed in contemplation, afford one of the most pure and rational delights which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

The ruined castle, with all its romantic accompaniments; the lonely tower, the romantick turrets, and the extensive battlements, all crumbling into dust; the rattling drawbridge indignant at the pressure of the wain, and frowning, as it were, upon the lazy waters that roll be-



low ; remind us of scenes of former grandeur, and of the rapid destruction which age and neglect cannot fail to bring down upon the perishable labours of human industry.

I often recal to my imagination, the splendid and independent dignity of the feudal Baron, surrounded by his kindred and friends, his vassals, and his servants, carousing in a spacious and magnificent hall, and decorated with the rude and varied architecture of the Vandal and the Goth ; and emblazoned with the arms and escutcheons of a long line of proud and distinguished ancestors.

Sometimes I behold him stretched, in idea, under the canopy of an oak, whose gigantick limbs ex- anding far and wide, and overshadowing the angles of his storied pile, refresh beneath the heifer and the fawn, with the undulation and the variety of its shades.

Does he seek the forest, accompanied by his bugle man and his hounds, arouse the wolf from his thicket, or impel the stag from his lair ; we see the country up in arms, the villages in tumult, the implements of labour neglected, and the echoes awakened by the trampling of steeds, the baying of dogs and the shouts of man.

In the sports of the woodlands and the fields, for in those days no delight was taken in the pusillanimous persecution of the hare, both fatigue and danger were seen to run the same career. The rock overhanging the cataract, the narrow and rarely trodden path, and winding along the edge of a precipice, were to be surmounted ; the torrent was to be contemned, the quicksands leaped, or stream defied ; and these impediments overcome, other risks were to be interposed, and fresh exertions endured. The purloiner of the neatherd was to be taken and the antled sovereign of the forest to be subdued.

Did insult awaken resentment, or outrage excite his vengeance, the spear was polished, and the cuirass gleamed ; the war horse champed upon his bit ; and richly caparisoned, not only shook the ground with his strength, but seemed to anticipate, by the breath of his nostrils, and the light of his eyes, confusion to the foes, and triumph to the armies of his lord.

How great and degrading in personal prowess, is the contrast between those athletic days, and the softer amusements and refined tactics of the present day ! The modern sportsman unkennels his hounds at the time the former returned from the chase ; and victorious over the fox or quail, recounts with smiling complacency the hazards he has run, and the toils he has encountered, without adverting to the daring atchievement, surcharged with the spoils of the wolf, the tiger, or the bear.

The modern refinements in the art of war, have almost made courage neutral, and reduced the murder of the species to calculation, and the weight of metal ; but after all, if human ingenuity can devise any means to be less prodigal of blood, the inventor must certainly be entitled to the approbation of the man of feeling ; for in whatever light it be regarded, a state of hostile competition will ever be attended with misfortune, and marked with crimes.

RECLUSE.

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FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

(Continued from page 333.)

Leander and myself having returned to town, it was immediately agreed upon that we should stop at his lodgings, being nearer than mine, and enquire a little further into the history of our young orphan, or the "poor girl ;" for whose safety it must be acknowledged we felt no small concern. The very great interest which Leander began to take in the story, may be accounted for when we consider that the gentleman behind the fence had not only intimated something of an unhappy result, but had, by what Leander considered an insinuation against his character, hinted at the *manner* of her supposed destruction—against such a vice, no man raves more furiously than he, nor can any one hold in greater detestation the abominable character of a hell-destined seducer.

Reaching Leander's apartments, we found we had yet time to read a chapter before breakfast—which you shall immediately have, Mr. Easy, if you have recovered your serene state of mind, which was perhaps somewhat discomposed at the abrupt manner in which Leander broke the narrative. But, sir, as I hope to receive your thanks for this history, so do I desire that you will properly discriminate between Leander and myself. If, from the eccentricity of his behaviour, you are at times disappointed—yet you should constantly bear in mind, that had it not been through the friendship of this very Leander, I had never known the history of Susan S.

' This was indeed (continues our author) an affecting scene. The death of such a woman as Mrs. S. is amongst the important matters in the history of human nature. Educated in the school of morality and religion, possessed of a natural goodness of heart, she was a compound of sweetness, benevolence and kindness. To the sound morality and constant piety of these people, she added a large fund of useful and pleasing information—but not much of that kind which we might properly denominate SCANDALOUS KNOWLEDGE—she was not sufficiently

acquainted with the secret histories of her neighbours, to enable her to escape from the designing in pecuniary matters; but her character was above impeachment: in short a constant impediment to the obtaining of local intelligence with her was, the determination on her part to support no conversation, even with the most intimate acquaintance, on subjects or circumstances which had a slanderous tendency. To this admirable trait in the character of Mrs. S. is to be imputed the unfounded opinion which had obtained with some of her illiterate neighbours, that she was *unsocible*—unfounded indeed it was, for few persons could have boasted more ingenuous virtuous sociability than Mrs. S. possessed. But such neighbours were not calculated to appreciate her real worth—and her independent spirit, even under the chilling frowns of fortune, could never court the smiles of mercenary greatness: she was therefore the afflicted child of poverty—but an exalted honour to her sex.

I could discover, from the mellowness of Leander's countenance, and the increasing softness of his voice, that this description of character touched his sensibility—and with a sigh he wished he knew Miss Susan, for her mother's sake, were she yet living. But to the story.

Such was the woman whose death was now lamented—and lamented by none more sincerely than the good old maiden lady who had been for a short time employed as house-keeper by Mrs. S. This kind woman, whom Susan had been taught to call AUNT BETTY, had a sister married to a respectable man in the city, whose circumstances were too low to admit of Betty's living on him without evident injury. This was no great cross, as she was quite ambitious of living at her own expence, as she termed it; that is, she was willing to earn her own bread; but immediately after the funeral rites, taking upon herself the entire management of Susan, she determined upon placing her with her sister. She accordingly conveyed Susan to the house, destined as she supposed, for the future residence of her charge. Betty had never thought of the cold unfeeling operations of law—she loved the child; the child was fond of her aunt, and destitute—thus thought Betty, had nature and humanity constituted her Susan's proper guardian. It was no fault of thine, kind woman—for thou hadst never studied law—nor knew of such a power, as the *Orphans' Court*.

According to ancient usage, a person duly authorised claimed the child—Betty would not give her up—contending that she had a right to comply with the last request of the deceased, which was that she should pay every attention to the wants of Susan, who was now

without any other parent. "The state is now the guardian of this child, and by an order from the proper power I claim and insist upon having her," angrily replied Mr. Legality. This happened to be one of those inferior kind of gentlemen, who, "clothed with a little brief authority," cannot stoop to instruct one less knowing than themselves—and who, possessing no quality capable of obtaining respect, are constrained to cause honest people to abhor them, or remain themselves unknown in the depth of obscurity. Fortunately a well disposed neighbour, hearing of the difficulty, stepped in, and by explaining the case as became a good citizen and a christian, soon removed Betty's apprehensions, when he informed her that she might have every influence with the court that was proper or necessary. Things being thus placed in a proper light, Aunt Betty, with the assistance of her friend, so managed matters over the head of the surly claimant that Susan was formally bound to Mr. J——, Betty's brother-in-law, to the satisfaction of all who were entitled to satisfaction in the case.

Mr. J. was an old resident, of small estate, and without children; being of a religious turn of mind, he was not anxious for riches in this world; he retained the esteem of Mrs. J. and they lived agreeably together, in a retired part of the city, on the profits of a small shop of stationary and school books. He was not able to purchase a general assortment of books, nor did he wish it; but contented himself with the sale of such as were mostly used in schools, and which always sold for cash. Mrs. J. might be called in general a good woman—but she had faults not easily overlooked; she claimed no acquaintance with the world of authors; nor was she sensible of the merits of any one book manufactured by the numerous disciples of FAUST or GUTTEMBERG; the bible excepted: this she would often open, and from it would frequently reap comfort.

In this situation Susan had almost every opportunity for improvement that books could afford—and she continued to receive much good advice from her reputed aunt, who frequently visited her sister. In a few years she became by imperceptible degrees the chief attendant in the store, where she did her sewing or studied, as by turns it suited her inclination. In this secluded state, as in all other situations in life, advantages were counterbalanced by their opposites. She had no opportunity of poisoning her mind by the perusal of a promiscuous collection of good and bad works, imposed upon the world under the specious pretence of being delineations of life and manners, when they are in general descriptive of nothing

'in nature, but the "writers' corrupt imaginations:" on the other hand, she could learn nothing of the villany and intrigues of men, in whose company she had not been, and of whose lives and very nature almost she was necessarily ignorant.

'She had now arrived in comparative peace and happiness at that age, when her aunt thought proper to teach her a little of female policy. Betty first introduced to her niece ALBERT a young man of respectable family and connexions, who was at once pleased with the beauty and simplicity of Susan. Albert felt a strong desire, notwithstanding her humble situation, to become acquainted with the "poor girl." Her person was not very remarkable—being neither delicately slender, nor grossly robust; and yet it was handsome. In her soft blue eyes, Albert found something peculiarly interesting—and in her fair hair, her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, her lilly hands, her easy carriage—and in all the fine parts so often and so wonderfully described by the admirers of beautiful women—he discovered a collection of excellencies, which charmed him: But in the beauties of her mind, in the ingenuous simplicity of her heart, in the irresistible attraction of her unaffected manners, he found that which ought and ever will most powerfully engage every man of feeling, whether virtuous or otherwise, whether learned or ignorant, whether rich or poor, whether bond or free. For such a person will ever excite interest, and raise pleasing sensations in the breast of saint, of savage, and of sage. This description of character in a woman, will pass current as something of uncommon value, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. May it ever be prized and peculiarly cherished, from Superior to the Atlantic, and from St. Croix to the Mississippi.—'

And all over Louisiana! exclaimed Leander. Aye, all over the world, rejoined I, with as much sincerity as I ever prayed in my life. I beg pardon, Mr. Easy; Leander broke out first—and I don't much like being left far behind in such a case as this. However I will go on with the reading of this history—and forward it with all speed.

RARIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. C. S. RAPINESQUE, a young Italian of whose insatiable curiosity concerning any thing relative to Botany, and of whose laudable and unwearied perseverance in the pursuit of this study, the writer of this article can confidently speak, from an intimate acquaintance

with him, has been for *upwards of three years* engaged in collecting materials for a catalogue or flora, for an hundred miles or more, round Philadelphia. He has already explored the eastern and western shores of Maryland, the state of Delaware, and the northern part of Virginia. He is now engaged in visiting the northern parts of Pennsylvania and new Jersey, and in the next season he expects to visit the southern part of New-York, and Long Island.

MR. HUGH MAXWELL of Philadelphia, has now in the press a translation of the minor poems of Camoens. It is said by the English criticks that they are not translations, but ranking in a higher order, they aspire to the praise of originality. Why the Viscount Strangford should shelter himself under the name of the ill-fated Portuguese we know not, but it must afford a sensible pleasure to every one to see a young nobleman who disdains the vulgar and licentious pursuits of his peers in age and rank and courts the converse of the wise or wanders amid the bowers of the muse. We hope the industry of the printer in disseminating poetry, rich and luxuriant and in the purest style of the translator of Anacreon, will be liberally remunerated.

MR. JAMES HUMPHREYS of the same place has issued proposals for printing the first American edition of DR. JOHNSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY—It will be printed in four volumes royal octavo, which will be ornamented by an elegant engraving of the author—and another of the colossal statue consecrated to his memory in St. Paul's church Cathedral. Mr. Humphreys does not include the PREFACE in his enumeration of the contents of this edition—we hope it will not be omitted.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the absence of the gentleman whose taste aided by the talents of many right worthy and worshipful friends has contributed in no meagre measure to the amusement of the readers of the Companion, his humble substitute, a mere novice in his occupation, finds no slight difficulty in his disposition of the numerous communications which crowd his table—A youthful writer himself, he asks every indulgence from the catholic disposition of criticism; and he observes it is in the very spirit of this work to foster and encourage the productions of those who aspire, with a laudable ambition, to the meed of Fame. But in despite of his own individual wishes and his anxiety to preserve the integrity of the plan committed to his charge, the present Editor, "a very underling to a deputy," finds himself imperiously compelled to reject many pieces that are offer-

ed and disappoint the pride of juvenile authorship. This is not less unpleasant to him than it will be mortifying to them. But his duty to the patrons of this work is of a higher nature, and must be regarded. Much might be added to avert the displeasure of those to whom these observations will apply, but it is hoped their own good sense will induce them to acquiesce silently in this decision; meanwhile the Editor, imitating the prudence of Prospero,

Will to his book;

For yet, ere supper-time, must he perform
Much business appertaining.—

If JULIO courted his "Lucy" with no greater skill than he woos his muse we cannot be much surprised at her disdain. His "EXPOSTULATION" at her "down-right neglect" of his "two sonnets and one acrostick" is couched in a stile so intemperate, so unlike that in which a cavalier should address his mistress, and withal so exquisitely "in the right butter-woman's rate to market," that he must excuse us if we offer him no other condolence than the homage of our sorrow for his misfortune—

He dreams of her, that has forgot his love;
He doats on her, that cares not for his love:
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, *alas!*

FLETA writes with spirit—we shrewdly suspect him to be one of those hopeful readers "who study Shakespere at the inns of court;" and we are delighted to contemplate the occupations of one who unites so happily the learning of the lawyer with the accomplishments of the poet. Although we would gladly accompany him when he chuses to rove through the flowery fields of poesy, yet we cannot refrain from reminding one in whose professional success we take some interest, of a truth uttered by a brilliant scholar—*The law, said sir Willian Jones, is a jealous mistress, and will admit no rival.*

"OAKLY" is a very *Procrustes* in the art of lengthening and curtailing lines. We should do him justice were we to publish his "Contrast" without some further corrections. He certainly must know that such violent elisions as *obsequ'ous*, *prem'nent*, cannot be tolerated by readers of poetry—nor can we think his mistress "whose beauty *luxur'ous* once caught my eye" would read his verses with much complacency, notwithstanding she possesses

"Such innate worth as appertain'd to few"

He is, however, not without merit, and we will cheerfully print his effusion after it has undergone a proper revision.

The author of the lines on the "Maid of Potowmack," beginning

Along Potowmack's rugged shore,
Beneath her lofty cliffs was seen
A maid oft sit her fate deplore
And tells her sorrows to the stream,

is advised to endeavour to cheer the female in whose distress he sympathises so poetically and *lift up her discontented countenance** by his conversation rather than his pen—we really cannot invite him to a seat at the *Easy* table. His Pegasus is a stumblingjade, and must be newly shod.

"Z's" thoughts on "the Grave" ought to be buried in what he somewhat oddly denominates "the repository of nature."

For a youthful valetudinarian, and a correspondent with this miscellany, who afar from his friends, seeks the smiles of Hygeia amid wilds and mountains, we would most ardently invoke the God of Friendship and the muses of poetry to support a favoured votary—*tam chari capitis*,

—many a time

The harmony of his tongue hath into bondage
Brought our too diligent ear—

and we sanguinely hope he may soon return, his mind enlivened and his body invigorated, that he may long continue the pride of his relatives and the delight of his friends.

The author of some elegant lines on the pleasures of rural Solitude, published in the Companion at a time inauspicious for such enjoyments, is respectfully requested to pursue his rambles in a more genial season. In his next walk we recommend the following picture to his contemplation.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook, with sleep inviting sound:
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom, he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward, through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.
Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light at once reveal'd;
Oft, as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

The lines on Chloe from one whom we delight to honour, contain a bitter satire on a vice which is but too prevalent.

Correspondents who do not find their communications noticed must not be impatient; but remember with the royal Poet, *that there is a time for all things.*

* *Virgil.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE FROM THE GREEK OF THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

The following is a translation of the Greek ode by THOMAS MOORE Esquire, prefixed to his late elegant version of the odes of Anacreon. The argumentative part resembles a dialogue supposed to have been held in the shades between Aristotle and Anacreon. It is quoted by Joshua Barnes in his elaborate *Vita Anacreontis* as from a work entitled *Novi Dialogii Mortuorum*, and the extract he gives is also in the Latin language. Upon a further research I find that this passage which has every appearance of being from a Latin work, is merely a translation of a part of a dialogue in the celebrated *Les Dialogues nouvelles* of Monsieur Fontenelle.

Once the Bard of Teios smiling,
With his harp his hours beguiling :
Sweetly swell'd the jovial strain
Into pleasure melting pain—
The sparkling goblet passed around
Enlivened by melodious sound.
The gentle loves their force combin'd,
And in their arms the poet twin'd.
They rais'd the song of Hymen's chains,
And sang the joys of Cupid's pains.
With choicest flow'rs of various hue,
With lillies white and vi'lets blue,
Their hands a rural garland made
To crown the gay Anacreon's head.

Now from Jove's empyrean groves
Minerva views the sporting loves.
And as they twin'd the mazy dance
In accents bland she broke their trance.
"Since on earth the sages call
"Anacreon WISEST OF THEM ALL,
"Why doth the beauteous Queen of love
"And Bacchus, all thy numbers move?
"How, old man, canst thou be wise
"With Pallas ne'er before thy eyes?
"Why only sing in amorous lays,
"Nor let thy harp resound my praise?
"Why prefer thy nymphs and wine,
"To every sober law of mine?"

"Nay chide me not," the Bard replies
With pleasure beaming in his eyes,
"That all on earth unite to call
"Anacreon wisest of them all.
"I dance and sing—my fingers roll
"O'er the chords that melt the soul :
"Around in crowds my vot'ries play,
"List'ning to the rapt'rous lay.
"And though from wit I ne'er refrain
"I scorn the jest that leaves a pain ;
"Since like my harp my soul affords
"Nought but love's harmonious chords.
"Thus I live—my soul and lyre
"Nought but love and joy respire.
"Thus am I the friend of mirth,
"Thus am I most wise on earth."

SEDLEY.

ON CHLOE.

Oh Chloe, of those sighing swains beware,
Who gaze with rapture, and who call thee fair :
Not more could boast the Cytherean dame
To raise in lovesick Gods the amorous flame,
Than thou, in whom all blooming nature vies
And thousand loves are playful in thine eyes,
Thy vermilion cheek with charms now blushing glows,
Thy lip's sweet fragrance emulates the rose,
Thy speaking eye with melting softness smiles
And of his heart the trembling youth beguiles.
That angel form, where every grace is seen
"Now looks a Goddess and now moves a queen :"
And oh ! fond youth, do not too rashly gaze,
On softer charms her snowy neck displays ;
Her swelling bosom burst upon the sight
And thrilling joy is yours and soft delight.
With charms like these, O, Chloe, then beware
Of raptur'd swains who gaze and call thee fair :
Tempt not the secret windings of the grove
Nor list, unguarded, to soft tales of love.

Thus Chloe's guardian friend express'd his fears,
Anxious to save from unavailing tears.
A laughing Sylph reliev'd his lab'ring breast
And in his ear these wond'rous truths exprest.
No lurking danger threatens the lovely fair,
She is not Cupid's or his mother's care ;
Form'd with each charm to kindle soft desire,
Herself unconscious of the tender fire,
Beholds with apathy the dying swain,
Who sighs unheard and supplicates in vain :
Yet void of passion, Chloe loves !—'tis true—
Oh heaven's how much she loves !—to play at loo.

TO HER WHO MAY UNDERSTAND IT.

How light I lived—how free from care
Before I saw the lovely fair :
No anxious thoughts disturb'd my breast
And all my mind repos'd at rest.
Jocund pass'd my happy days,
At ease I sung my sportive lays :
For love had never fir'd my brain,
And I had never tasted pain.
But fate had doom'd a sudden change
And stopp'd my gay, excursive range.
No more to riot in wild fancy's beams,
She mixt my sleep with Cupid's dreams.
Mary, she plac'd before my sight,
Mary the care of many a sprite,
Mary the pride of village maids,
Whose praises fill the lowly glades.
Now all the night and all the day
'Tis she inspires my mournful lay.
While grace and truth to men are dear
And loveliness has nought to fear,
Mary shall prompt the plausive strain :
Oh may I, nymph, not sing in vain.

SEYDOR.